ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK

Drawn Exclusively for Editor & Publisher

By ETHEL HAYS

She Became a Metropolitan Cartoonist Overnight

FROM the wind-swept plains of Montana to Cleveland is a far cry, and from an art student grinding away at humdrum tasks to a feature cartoonist smeared on Page 1 of a metropolitan daily is farther.

Ethel Hays made both journeys almost overnight.

Miss Ethel Hayes

It took three days to reach Cleveland from Billings, Mont.

It took her just three hours to complete a drawing that took up a four column spread on Page 1 of the *Cleveland Press* the day after she drew it.

Now, some of the largest papers in the country are carrying her cartoons—papers like the *Pittsburgh Press, Los Angeles Record, San Francisco News, San Diego Tribune,* and others.

A style all her own won her fame. An airy, fanciful something that stares out at you from her drawings is captivating. It captivated first, H. B. R. Briggs, editor of the *Cleveland Press,* and it captivated the daily readers of the Press, if the hundreds of letters that poured into the editorial sanctum are criterions.

Miss Hayes is modest about her achievements; talks straight at you, and spreads about her some of the breezy strength of the western plains. She got her idea for wanting to be an artist while in Billings, her native city.

Riding her mustang "Powder River" about the broad prairie-land, she visioned what the wonderful westland vistas would be like if reduced to black and white drawings.

Then she went to New York and enrolled in an art school; then the war came along and fired her with patriotic verv. She strove to get in the service; left New York and made the long trek back to Billings to get in with her home town crowd.

No luck. The war ended; then the war department called on her to draw for its disabled vets and she hastened to Washington. For a long time she entertained soldiers in the base hospital at Camp Lewis, Wash. Then, in Colorado, Tennessee and Ohio. They liked her and they liked her work. They wanted her to teach them how to draw cartoons.

"I never had a bent for cartoons, but that gave me an idea, so I studied cartooning and here I am," Miss Hays explains candidly, looking up from her desk in the Press office.

"And here I am," epitomizes what is probably the most rapid rise from obscurity to cartoonist fame so far noted in the newspaper world, for ever since the day Miss Hays joined the Press staff the paper has never gone to press without one of her drawings.

PLAN WINDOW DISPLAYS

Huge Sum to Be Spent in Hook-Up With Newspapers

CLEVELAND, Ohio, Oct. 2.—During the next two years $100,000,000 will be spent for window display advertising as a "hook-up" to newspaper advertising, according to Carl H. Percy, president of Carl Percy, Inc., New York, in an address before the closing session of the Window Display Advertising Association annual convention here yesterday.

The newspapers will carry the message of the giant stores of the land to the public, then the window display will clinch the sale, Mr. Percy said. The theory is that a big store's advertising in the daily newspapers creates the desire to purchase, and then actual view of the articles in question, tastefully arranged and invitingly displayed, completes the combination that results in sales.

Some of the largest national advertisers in the country attended the three-day convention. The Welch Grape Juice Company, Regal Shoes, Coca-Cola, Sunmaid Raisins and firms of that caliber had representatives on the scene.

Chisholm, London Editor, Dead

Hugh Chisholm, editor of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, died in London, Sept. 29.

Explaining the

$4274

Per Capita Wealth of

Iowa

GOVERNMENT statistics show that Iowa produces farm crops to the value of over $890,000,000; livestock products to the value of over $130,000,000 and nearly $750,000,000 value of manufactured products.

Add them up. Some money!

And only 2,404,021 people in Iowa to share in the distribution of these large sums. It is obvious why Iowa leads the country in wealth per capita.

Wise National Advertisers will give such a state the utmost consideration in publicity and promotion plans.

It is a territory any advertiser needs.

Cover this wonderful market through the following newspapers

	Circulation	Rate for 5,000 lines
***Burlington Gazette .....(E)	10,535	.04
***Cedar Rapids Gazette .....(E)	22,671	.07
***Council Bluffs Nonpareil .....(E&S)	16,132	.05
***Davenport Democrat & Leader .....(E)	14,485	.06
***Davenport Democrat & Leader .....(S)	17,416	.06
***Davenport Times .....(E)	24,946	.07
***Des Moines Capital .....(E)	61,683	.14
***Des Moines Sunday Capital .....(S)	27,895	.14
***Iowa City Press-Citizen .....(E)	6,230	.035
***Keokuk Gate City .....(E)	5,899	.03
†††Mason City Globe Gazette .....(E)	13,405	.04
***Muscatine Journal .....(E)	7,980	.035
***Ottumwa Courier .....(E)	13,375	.05
***Waterloo Evening Courier .....(E)	16,775	.06

***A. B. C. Statement, April 1, 1924.

†††Government Statement, April 1, 1924

—Her Name is Ethel Hays Simms—

The Artist Who Made the Flapper Famous

The neighbors' youngsters sometimes drop in to watch Ethel Hays draw her clever "pitchers."

She Makes the Four-Color Poster For the Front Cover of This Magazine, Draws Six "Flapper Fannies" And Three "Ethel" Cartoons Every Week, Makes Millions of People Laugh Daily, Manages a Husband, Home and Baby, And Still Keeps Modestly Unspoiled, Unsophisticated and Unaffected

Ethel Hays Simms. . . . "I'm not a real artist, but a drawer of comics."

ONCE upon a time—the story of Ethel Hays must begin like the fairy tale that it is—there was a skinny, pig-tailed little girl who went to school in Billings, Mont.

The skinny, pig-tailed little girl's name was Ethel Hays. Even then her schoolmates were very, very sure that "Ethel" was going to be famous some day, because Ethel could do such clever things with a piece of chalk at the blackboard and with a stubby pencil on her writing tablet.

Ethel wasn't "teacher's pet" just because of the things that piece of chalk did when she was sent to the blackboard to do 'rithmetic problems. Instead of neatly "writing her numbers" and doing long division, that piece of chalk had the most uncanny knack of making side-splitting pictures of "Teacher," the janitor, the principal, or the white-headed boy who sat across the aisle.

When the grade began to laugh too wildly, Ethel was mighty quick with the old fashioned red, white and blue felt eraser, and before "Teacher" could see what was going on, she was busy with her 6's and 8's.

And today thousands of little schoolgirls whose hair is no longer in pig tails, but who dream under their fluffy bobs the same dreams that little girls of the pig-tailed era dreamed, bite their stubby pencils and bend over their tablets and dream of a day when they may be a famous artist like Ethel Hays.

For "Ethel," whose cartoons appear in nearly half a thousand of this country's newspapers—north, south, east and west, in big city and in little valley hamlet—is the schoolgirls' idol. She is nationally famed as the glorifier of the flapper.

BUT just try telling Ethel Hays that she is probably the outstanding woman newspaper artist of the world, to say nothing of being one of the most successful and highest salaried professional women in the country, and she will explode with a "Bosh!" "Peanuts!" or "Applesauce!"

For Ethel is like that—as simple and unpretentious and unfrilly as the smocks she wears at her drawing board. She is a typical western girl—breezy, slangy, if she wants to be, wise-cracking, warm and mellow with human sympathy and understanding, and as unspoiled as the mountains of the west which she loves.

Ask Ethel her recipe for success, and she will disclaim that she knows anything about it, and if pressed too far, she'll say simply that it's nothing but a matter of working hard at the thing you love.

She disclaims that she is "a real artist."

"I'm nothing but a drawer of comics," she says. "I can't interior decorate, and you should see me arrange flowers! I squash them in like this!" and Ethel makes a screamingly funny gesture of arranging roses in a bowl much in the manner of a plasterer wielding his trowel.

All the world and all the people in it are grist for Ethel. The manicurist, the telephone operator, the modern woman, the old-fashioned mother, the floor walker, the girl who would be a movie star, the boy on his first "heavy" date, the man with his first baby. But above all else Ethel Hays has glorified the great American flapper.

"ETHEL" is Mrs. W. C. Simms of Kansas City. Mr. Simms is much more than "Ethel Hays' husband." Like his wife, he's successful and modern. When they were married about three years ago they agreed that marriage should be no handicap to Ethel's "career."

Mrs. Simms wouldn't call it that, because she's drawn too many funny pictures of "careering ladies." But Ethel loved her drawing board almost as much as she loved her husband, who admitted that he'd be some piker to take his wife's cute flappers away from the thousands of real flesh and blood flappers who "just live from one day's paper to another to see what Ethel's drawn about us today."

So Ethel got married on a "home plus career" policy. And how she's worked out that policy is the boast of every feminist in America who, whenever the argument gets rather hot to the effect that a woman just can't be a wife and mother and "careerist," points to Ethel Hays Simms of Kansas City.

For in her three years of marriage Ethel Hays Simms has achieved a honeymoon, a house of her own, a baby, built her own studio, and never missed an issue of the hundreds of dailies that use her drawings.

Barbara Ann—"Babs" for short—the young blond person of some 18 months who thinks it perfectly wonderful to have a mother who wears bright orange and pink smocks and who has the nicest brushes and ink and big pieces of white paper to play with, was achieved by mother Ethel "getting ahead" in her drawings so she could devote some time to the business of maternity.

"Babs comes in mighty handy," Ethel says. "I needed some kid element in my pictures, and wasn't sure just how they ought to look. Now I make poor Babs sit her little self down or stoop her little self over whenever I need to draw a baby in some posture and don't know just where the curves come."

Little "Babs" Simms does not cramp her mother's style at all sometimes comes in handy as a model.

THERE'S a new little house in the Simms' back yard in Kansas City. It's Ethel's studio—her "grown up playhouse."

Here she keeps regular office hours. Leaving baby Babs with the housekeeper and nurse indoors, she says farewell to her family and goes out to the back yard for her day's work with as much adherence to schedule as Mr. Simms or any other business man.

Sometimes she doesn't even go into the big house for lunch, working away from 8 o'clock in the morning to five in the afternoon, on the snappy drawings that are to bring glee to several million "gentle readers."

Ethel was an artist on The Cleveland Press when she met "Bill" Simms and got married. The romance happened on a camping trip in a western park, when Ethel found for the first time in her life a man who could ride a horse as well as she could.

Ethel's snappy drawings on The Press took the town by storm. She and a girl reporter worked together. They went everywhere and saw everything. No "big shot" came to Cleveland without being interviewed by the girl reporter and drawn by Ethel; no lady murdered her husband or strangled her baby or stole a fur coat without ministrations from "those Press girls"; jail attendants got so used to seeing the pair come for their grist that locks and bolts miraculously opened when their respective two permanent waves were sighted in the offing.

ETHEL HAYS got her job on a newspaper in the first place by being darn good at her stuff.

Ethel, who didn't know then that she was as good as she was, was taking some correspondence school art lessons. The director of the school was on The Press staff. He knew that the editor was looking for a girl who could smear her clever paint brush over the whole city, capture its funny singing, filting high spots, and make the pages of his paper bright with her clever interpretations of life.

The studio in the backyard of the Simms home in Kansas City, where famed Mrs. Simms puts in long, busy days at her drawing board.

"Here's the girl," said the art school man, quietly placing before the editor samples of Ethel's work.

"You're right," said the editor, who called Miss Hays within the next ten minutes. She was then in a government hospital at Dayton, Ohio, teaching soldiers sick of body and soul to laugh both by teaching them to draw and by making such grotesquely funny pictures for mural decorations in the big bare hospital that they couldn't help laughing at and with her.

But the war had been over for some time. The hospital was getting smaller and smaller. Ethel saw the writing as well as the pictures on the wall. She knew that job wouldn't last forever.

"I'm afraid I couldn't do the work," she told the newspaper editor. But she came to Cleveland, and found the first week or so agonizing.

But Ethel kept at it and within two weeks the whole city was watching for her pictures, and the circulation department issued orders to "keep that girl at any cost."

It wasn't much more than a year before it was plain as the fun in Ethel's pictures that it wasn't right for just one paper and just one city to have her. She finally joined the Newspaper Enterprise Association, and it is through this organization that her "Flapper Fannies," "Ethels" and magazine covers are distributed to millions of newspaper readers.

ETHEL HAYS drew pictures all over the walls and furniture before she could walk. She was art editor of her class in the Billings, Montana, high school.

When she was through high school she studied in the Los Angeles School of Art and Design. Then on to New York, where she studied for three years in the Art Students League. Ethel wasn't doing "just funny stuff" then; she painted cows and fish and lambs and sunsets and rosebuds, and did charcoals, pastels, oils—all the art school grist.

There is more to Ethel's pen-and-inks than just fun. First of all, she knows her fashions better than any other newspaper artist in the country. Weeks before every girl in America is wearing high-crowned hats, Ethel is drawing them. Months before everyone suddenly realizes that short hair is longer, Ethel is drawing necks with hair growing out.

She knows flapper pastimes, flapper slang, all the things "in the air," to an almost uncanny certainty.

And despite her assertions that she's not of "the pretty art" school, you'll look far before you'll find more artistic, spicy, piquant, pretty girls than she puts in her daily cartoons and her weekly magazine covers.

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Ethel Hays Simms

PEN and INK

"I LIKE HER BECAUSE SHE KNOWS HOW TO LAUGH—"
"—AND I LIKE HER BECAUSE SHE KNOWS HOW TO BE SERIOUS!
TONY SARG
ETHEL HAYS
IF IT IS AN IMPROVEMENT—WHAT'S WRONG IN USING IT?
IF SHE TRIES TO BE MASCULINE—SHE LOSES HER CHARM
SHE MUST BE TRULY FEMININE—

Vol. One

No. One

How Ethel Hays, New Star in the Cartooning Field, Won Success Overnight.